

The Evening World.

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A PLAIN ISSUE.

A great deal is involved in the controversy between Police Capt. Miles O'Reilly, the new Captain of the Fifth Precinct, and Peter De Lacy, of pool-room celebrity.

It is a question not of one captain or of one precinct, but of the whole Police Department and of the reform administration.

It is a question not of one pool-room keeper, but of the whole gambling fraternity, from the elusive Canfield down to the meanest pooly swindler.

The issue is perfectly clear. De Lacy is an open, notorious, inveterate and persistent lawbreaker. In his latest published utterance he asserts his intention of continuing his gambling business and emphasizes his defiance of law and authority with sundry cheap threats.

If De Lacy can be driven out of business in the Fifth Precinct there is no excuse for allowing him or any other gambler to defy the law in any other precinct.

If De Lacy cannot be driven out of business, if he can continue his defiance of law and authority with impunity, then he is the real Chief of Police and Mayor of the city, and we might as well abandon the pretense that we have a reform administration or a lawful Police Commissioner or any other government of the city except what may be graciously conceded to us by successful and impudent crime.

This is the issue plainly put. With a police captain anxious to do his duty, with a Mayor and Police Commissioner to back him up who stand for nothing if not for reform, with a District-Attorney equally pledged to the war on vice, and with the whole decent public sentiment of the city all on one side, there should be no question about the result and no delay in reaching it.

Mr. Mansfield on Throwing Things.—Mr. Mansfield informs the public over his own signature that he "does not fire on his people, throw things at them or curse them, however great the temptation," and he exhorts the public "not to shoot the gentleman at the piano," which is himself, "for he is doing his best." His considerate self-restraint should be met half-way.

IT IS DIFFERENT IN FRANCE.

"They order this matter better in France," said Sterne, and we must agree that they do in reading of the arrest and imprisonment there of three American automobilists for scorching. One of the offenders was Ted Sloan, another Gustave Warden, of Chicago, and the third, whose offense was the worst, Trafford Huteson, of Cedar Rapids. Huteson ran down a shepherd near Fontainebleau and killed him and was given eight days, not a severe sentence; but how long did Barbara Klinge's slayer stay in jail, or the Theiss boys? The other offenders were sent up for two days simply for exceeding the speed limit.

Our easy-going legal methods presume that in case of an automobile accident the survivor—that is to say, the chauffeur—did not mean to do it and should not be dealt with too harshly. The French remember the dead man. Some day our laws may be more rigorous, and then the offending chauffeur may adopt Huteson's plea, that the victim of his machine committed suicide! The possibilities in such a plea are very great. Huteson must rank among the benefactors of the race of automobilists for his discovery of it.

A Trolley Car Courtroom.—A New Jersey Supreme Court Judge held court in a trolley car yesterday. He did so that he might not miss his train for home. Justice in shirt sleeves is probably just as good as in wig and gown, but it doesn't go much on dignity.

ON KNOWING TOO MUCH.

Capt. Miles O'Reilly, of the Oak street precinct, is fresh from Brooklyn and not expected to be entirely "up" in Manhattan manners. His ignorance of police etiquette was displayed yesterday in the case of Patrolman Patrick Nolan. Nolan patrois the beat on which De Lacy's notorious pool-room is located. He has pounded the pavements of that beat with heel and nistatistik for five years, but when his new Captain asked him the location of De Lacy's Patrick knew it not, nor did he know the proprietor. That gentleman had "never been pointed out to him." And O'Reilly was so amazed at this ignorance that he sent a roundsman out with Nolan to introduce him to De Lacy.

That was the proper thing to do. The unwritten but inexorable social laws of precincts forbid a patrolman to know too much if he aspires to rise higher on the force. Sergeants may surmise; but only the wardman may really know. Even the Captain, who profits by the knowledge, might not be able to pass a civil-service examination on matters quite a familiar story to the wardman. Consider Lantry's ignorance of Canfield's and Sheehan's very rudimentary acquaintance with "Honest John" Kelly's.

Will and Shall.—An anxious public would like to know just what the Tammany Triumph means by the expression "He has gone out and shall not return." The authorship is ascribed to Tammany Haffen, whose intentions are sure, but whose grammar is, at times, wobbly.

CUPID AND PING-PONG.

Pink-pong has a new sin to answer for. The news comes from London that the game with the jubilant name has joined hands with cute little Cupid and is snaring all sorts and conditions of men into matrimony. Cases are cited where bachelors who were supposed to have possessed hearts of Harveyized steel and in whose gay lexicons there was no suspicion of such a word as "marriage" have meekly and ingloriously capitulated to some fair partner after a few games, and are now blooming and blissful Benedicts. Girls whose weather eye had been waited down the vista of the future for anything in the shape of a husband that might come along, and whose souls had been heavy and hopeless, have all of a sudden, as if by miracle, through the pearly gates of ping-pong, found themselves life partners, and many an anxious parent has been filled with joy in consequence.

It is asserted that the power of the game to thaw out reserve and discourage coyness is the secret of its match-making record. Apparently it is a dangerous game for a person inclined to celibacy to tackle. If the London statements are correct, young and old bachelors hereabouts who do not wish to have their single-blessedness disturbed had better stick to baseball, golf and bridge whist.

Baron Von Bismarck's Death.—The automobile's most noted victim so far is the Baron von Bismarck, the Berlin financier. He was killed near Cologne by his own machine. The baron was "known as a very careful chauffeur" and was himself his automobile's only victim.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.
"He said she was a peach and he bought her a diamond ring. Now it's all off, but he can't get the diamond back."
"Finds the peach is of the cling-stone variety, eh?"

THE FIRST BLOW.
"The bride looked stunning."
"Perhaps that was why the bridegroom looked so stunned."

THEN AND NOW.
"Much more care is taken in breeding thoroughbred dogs than in former times."
"Yes, indeed. In the old days they had common sea dogs, but now they have ocean greyhounds."

A WEIGHT CARRIER.
"I hung on the speaker's every word."
"It must have been a strong speech."

THE FIRST STEP.
"I see we are preparing for possible war on the coast."
"We'd better begin by ending the impossible war in the Philippines."

BORROWED JOKES.

SMACKS OF FRIVOLOUSNESS.
Yatts—I haven't decided yet what to call my new catboat.
Watts—Why not call it The Kiss?
Yatts—What's the idea?
Watts—It's nothing but a smack.—Philadelphia Press.

AS TO HIS LIGHTS.
"Well," said the man who is disposed to be charitable, "I suppose he is living according to his lights."
"Oh," replied the captain of industry, "he is in the gas or electric business!"—Chicago Record.

TAKING NO CHANCES.
"Is Marie to be married in June?"
"Mercy! she was only engaged last week!"
"Yes, but you know Marie!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BEEN THERE BEFORE.
Boreman—Hello, Sharpe! Well, I tell you I'm glad to get back again.
Sharpe—Back from where?
Boreman—Why, I've been in Europe for a month, and I had lots of interesting experiences.
Sharpe—Shake! I've been visiting in Lenoxville for a week, and I tell you I was surprised with the place. Let me tell you about it. You see—What's going? Well, so long!—Detroit Free Press.

SOMEBODIES.

ANTHONY, SUSAN B.—is writing a history of the woman's suffrage crusade in America.

CLYDE, REV. J. P.—of Eldora, Ia., is the champion half-mile runner of that State.

DIETRICH, SENATOR—of Nebraska, is so absent-minded that he carries an alarm clock to remind him of the hour for each engagement. The summer girl would wear out an alarm clock in a week at that rate.

KUNZECH, F. A.—of Syracuse, owns one of the finest collections of paper money in this country. J. P. Morgan is also said to own several specimens of this commodity.

OTERO, MIGUEL—Governor of New Mexico, was born and educated in St. Louis.

TALBOT, MISS MARION—Dean of the women's department of Chicago University, has started a crusade against condoning sins. She says they are inharmonious and that they should be set to music.

WHEELER, GEN. JOSEPH—says he doesn't want to see the coronation badly enough to pay \$100 a seat. He could see fifty dog fights for less money.

THE ANEMONE.

Sanguine flower,
Nursing of the Syrian sun,
Blossoming for a fragile hour,
Where the Banjan waters run;

On my heart
You have taken steadfast hold;
In your splendor you are part
Of the chivalry of old.

Spring by spring,
As your crimson flower appears,
Runs a new remembrance
Of our battles down the years.
—Clifton Scollard in the June Critic.

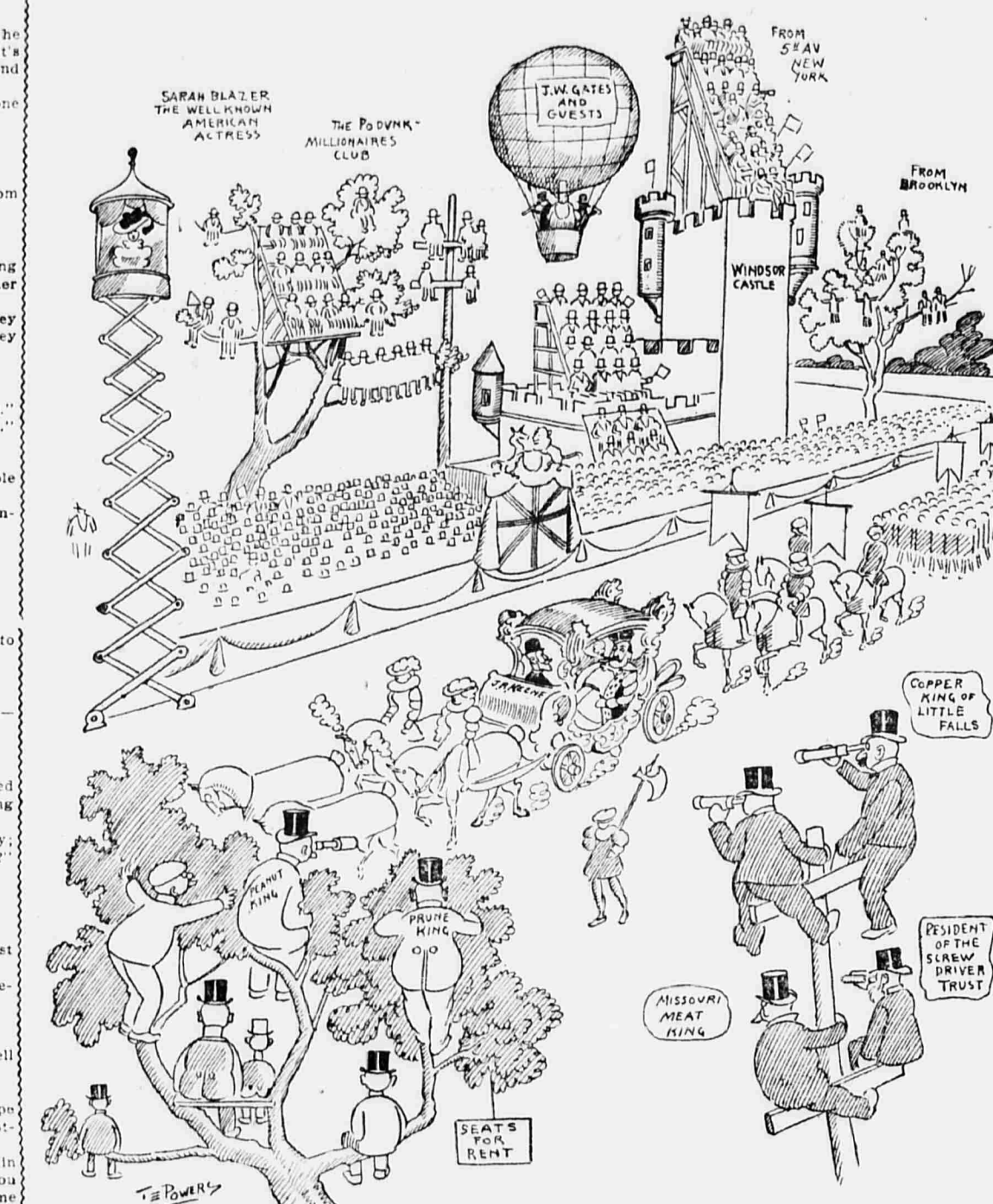
TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Timely Rescue.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I was an eye-witness on Sunday of the rescue of a party of four ladies and four men on board a sloop yacht. She was disabled, with her mast broken and the high seas breaking over her, drenching all on board. A Jolly excursion was passing at the time with a tug in tow. The captain picked the refugees up, sending a boat just in time and offering assistance, which was eagerly accepted by the men, for the ladies were in a fainting condition. I call that captain a hero.
M. JACKSON.

The "Police" Conductor.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I object to the frequent complaints of impoliteness of conductors. I boarded

THEY'RE ALL GOING TO THE CORONATION.



"Taking in the Coronation" is a lordly occupation. And it's one that lots of folks are boasting they are going to do. But you'll find them perched on fences and on poles or treetop benches, From which aristocratic points they'll rubber for a view.

KNOW HIS BIZ.



Clifton—Officer, you should have stopped that disgraceful fight.
Officer—Not much. One was a life insurance agent and the other a book canvasser. I served the public best by letting them fight it out.

DIFFERENT.



Policeman—Here, you! Don't you know it's against the law to operate a game of chance on a public thoroughfare?
Bunco Pete—Dat's all right, partner. Our friend here ain't got no chance, see?

SHE DIDN'T KNOW.



Nurse—What's the matter, Bobby?
Bobby—Mamma said I could do anything I wanted to do to-day, and 'cause I hit grandpa with a brick she clubbed me.

RESEMBLANCE.



He—Her heart's as big as a cable car.
She—Yes, and there's always room in it for one more.

GOOD REASON.



Bloomy—What have you to complain about now? Didn't I get home early last evening?
Mrs. Bloomy—I think I have good cause for complaint. Any gentleman would let his wife know in advance if he expected to be home before midnight. I might have been out myself.

A BEGINNER.



Wife—Your tobacco smoke makes me sick.
H—Yes! It affected me the same way at first; but you'll get used to it.

ODDITY CORNER.

THE BARBER WAS LIGHTNING WITH HIM.



This gentleman, with his abundant "flocks," rushed into a barber shop and demanded a quick shave. He got it. The barber snipped and scraped in Empire Express time, and in a jiffy our friend was shaved and hair-cut into a condition which made it impossible for him to recognize himself.

If you wish to see what he looked like after the barber got through with him cut out the complete above picture on outside lines. Then cut out entire black under C and D, so there is nothing left where black shows in the picture. Next fold on dotted lines A and B so the extreme right and left will meet in the centre of the picture covering part of the man's face, and you will see what the barber did to him.

This clever cut-out picture was designed and drawn by C. W. Saalburg, the famous wonder artist.

WHAT IS MUD-RAIN?

The scientists have not yet determined where the dust came from that made the mud rains that lately fell in New Jersey and Massachusetts, but they are examining the deposit and comparing it with specimens of dust from every possible source. For it has been definitely determined that these formerly mysterious rains of mud are caused by the driving of a cloud of dust into a rain-cloud by a hurricane. They are quite rare in this country; not so rare in Europe, and are common in Italy and Sicily. In the two last-named countries they are the famous "raios of blood" that all the superstitious peasants with dread. The red color of the "mud" there is due to the fact that the dust cloud or sand cloud comes from the Libyan desert, borne north or northwest by the gales that blow in that direction.

YOU CAN'T MOVE IT.

Take an ordinary visiting card and bend down the ends as represented in the above figure, then ask any person to blow it over. This seems easy enough, but it may be tried for hours without succeeding. It is, however, to be done by blowing sharply on the table at some distance from the card.

A BRAIN TWISTER.

What three figures multiplied by 4 will make 2?
There is no catch in this problem. It is as simple as A, B, C, and you will wonder that you did not think of it, after you see it done.

THE M'INTYRE FLAT.

The Racing Fever Hits Them.

"Dear," remarked Mr. McIntyre, "I'm informed there is a strangely easy way of getting rich. It seems there are places where running horses are raced around a circular track, and there is a clique of men who are so easy that they give you about all the money you can carry home if one of the horses wins. All you have to do is to pick out the right horse."

"Beforehand?"
"I fancy so. Moreover, I have been studying up the subject considerably of late and I find that any one who goes into the matter carefully cannot possibly lose. I only wonder that more people don't get rich that way. Now, here is my plan: A horse named Sea Robber is one of the finest racers ever seen. The 'L' conductor told me so to-day, coming uptown. He is entered for the Easything Stakes at Gravesend to-morrow, and his price will be about 100 to 1. Now, I mean to take a day off at the office and go down to the track and put \$10 on this Sea Robber. That will mean \$1,000 for us if we win. And another phenomenally fast horse—Hope by name—is in the next race, and I'll put another \$10 on him. If the plan works—and it can't fail—I can give up business and we can earn \$2,000 a day for the rest of our lives."

"But doesn't it seem a shame to take the poor fellows' money?" protested Mrs. McIntyre.

"If I didn't some one else would," he replied sternly.

It was about 7 P. M. the next day that a cowed and bedraggled figure crept up the five flights that led to the McIntyre flat.

It was McIntyre. His wife met him at the door. He began to explain before he reached the top steps.
"You see, it was this way," he said, pathetically. "Something detained those two horses I bet on. I doubt if they're in yet. My—my judgment seems to have been at fault and I lost the whole \$20."

"Don't worry, dear," she consoled. "I haven't got any judgment myself, but I read over the list of horses after such a funny name I thought I'd bet on it. So I called a messenger boy and gave him \$10, and he said he knew some sort of a place—a billiard-room, I think he called it—where I could bet. And—ain't it queer?—he brought me back \$1,000. Do you suppose there was any mistake?"

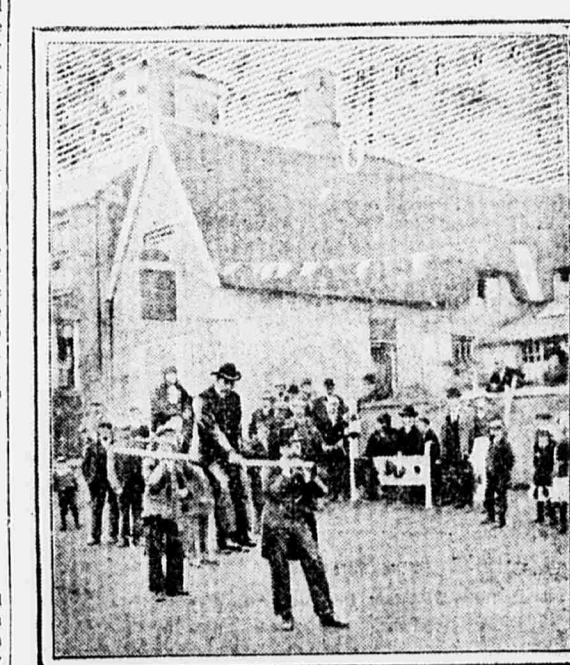
"Yes!" gasped McIntyre. "There was. But I was the one who made it by not letting you do my betting."

A. P. TERHUNE.

RATS AND COMMERCE.

In France, more than anywhere else, the science of economy is carried almost to a fine art. The common sewer rats of Paris are raised to clean the flesh from bones that are to be used in manufactures, but that must not be soiled to clean them, says Popular Mechanics. When full-grown rats are killed their furs are used for fur trimmings, their skins for gloves, their thigh bones for the highest grade of "ivory" toothpicks; their tendons and bones are cooked down to make those beautiful gelatine capsules which our physicians often give us medicine in, and their teeth are used for tipping the burnishers for bookbinders' use.

THEY CALL IT A POLE FAIR.



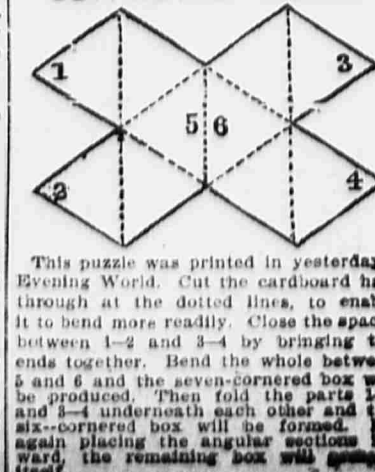
A curious Whitsuntide custom is observed once in every twenty years at Corby, a village in North Hampshire. Engaging them from market stalls, jury and militia service (granted by Queen Elizabeth) and confirmed by Charles II.) read, and then toll is demanded from every one entering or leaving the parish. Formerly non-payment of the toll meant the placing of such defaulters in the stocks, but now all visitors, as well as the Corby people, have to be chained in turn around the pole and put into the stocks, a speedy release coming as soon as a coin is found.

BABY WILL BE A KING.



This photograph is the latest portrait of Princess Elizabeth, wife of Prince Albert of Belgium, and the first of the little Prince Leopold, heir to the Belgian throne, whose birth brought such joy to the family of King Leopold last November. The Princess is, it will be remembered, the daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, whose skill as an oculist is well known all over Europe.

CUTTING THE ANGLES.



This puzzle was printed in yesterday's Evening World. Cut the cardboard half through at the dotted lines, to enable it to bend more readily. Close the spaces between 1-2 and 3-4 by bringing the ends together. Bend the whole between 5 and 6 and the seven-cornered box will be produced. Then fold the parts 1-4 and 5-6 underneath each other and the six-cornered box will be formed. By again placing the angular sections inward, the remaining box will appear itself.